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Bard

TIME

hamstring vocabulary

late-night

sports TV,

says Vin Scully at eighty-six

of a wild pitch

“he let it out of the cage.”

Three hours earlier in L.A.

a town always that much

closer to yesterday.

11 September 2013

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**If I had enough time
I'd count the roses on the tree.
Or enough roses.**

11 September 2013

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**Whatever it is
imagine the opposite —
be a flower hungry for its bee
or what does it know?
Is everything conscious?
Is anything conscious?**

11 September 2013

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Things to know we don't know.

Scripture. Beginnings.

**The Bible was the last book ever written
it will never be finished,
never be found.**

**We will all be gone
before the ink is dry on the last page.**

**There is always some book
waiting to be said.
Close your eyes and read it now —**

**it has been known to snow in September
and so is your mother.
Little by little it orphans us.**

**The war begins again
now open your eyes and go to sleep.**

11 September 2013

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X = CHORAL MASS

**a book I dreamed
Sherry had written.**

**This is the only
record of it now
in the world, a name
or two, a woman
in a black chlamys
remote as on Greek
pottery.**

**Who knows
what will come?
Now is daylight,
only another
kind of problem.
A pale breast offered.
No milk to no child.**

12 September 2013

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**But if the great silence
came again, the faltering
wisdom of the alphabet
finally dried-up, the night
as silent as the daytime
and no more dreams?**

Pavor Pallid fear
flitted through the Regiment
flirting with each man.
Dawn was a brick
laid across their brows,
hard rough hot
thing that hurt.

12 September 2013

= = = = =

The weather works its way with me.

**To know them as they really are
the best way is to be who I really.**

**Children are born free of language —
is there also a freedom inside it?**

12 September 2013

ROSE OF SHARON

mel dat rosa apibus

The Rose gives honey to bees.

Rose of Sharon.

Hibiscus syriacus

**not a rose,
grows in front of every farmhouse
when I was a child**

**old people loved it
blossomed in summer when nothing did
when all the growth was agriculture
corn and cauliflower**

**this alone
was just about being beautiful
alone,
and a big tree in front of my house
a shapely little bush out back
and bees and hummingbirds to each
until the latter take their leave
September
but still the flowers last.
America flower.**

13 September 2013

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I tie you to the apple tree
and we wait, we don't know why
we do what we do

the apple knows we think
and so we wait, you feel
the tree with your back

I watch you feeling it
it feels you with its skin
so thick, takes a long

time for trees to feel
but when they do
they never forget.

2.

you stay there till you think
an apple thought
and I wait with you

eager to be done
with this experiment
and then you think it,

the cords fall away
by themselves
or do I, and who am I

and what does the tree
make of me,
I am forgiveness,

I am desire
crossbred with remorse
a power I'm the last to understand.

3.

We talk about it later
woman and tree and man
or two of us and memory of tree.

memory has to be enough
sometimes, the rough skin
you remember best skipped

the itch of lust
that ties us to things,
we talk about that,

**you forget the cords, idly
tying little knots
then setting them free,**

**I think about the Bible
and feel a little fear
something has happened**

**and happened to us,
who are we now,
end of the world,**

the apple falls?

13 September 2013

ODALISQUE

Ahab a little,
I'm tired of the sun,
I'm not so natural:

Does the erotic objectification
of women that feminists
so rightly decry
also in a sense
actually protect women
from the animal
objectification of them
implied by patriarchal
visions of virginity,
functional pregnancy
make more soldiers
more consumers,
accept the maternal fate?

The odalisque never gets pregnant.
She remains an object of desire
to the gazer, but eyes
do not kill, do not impregnate.
She remains an object
of desire

even to herself.

**Is the apparent humiliation
of being beheld
actually a protection
from being held?**

**The time of the odalisque is her own
she is not a broodmare**

**she is at the center of her own world,
intact for all the beholding.**

**A beauty beyond the beast
safe in being seen.**

Does love take the child away?

13 September 2013

= = = = =

A gift of olivine

in lava

alofa

from Samoa

she said hello.

In dance the hips

move little, the feet

should not be seen,

the waving hands

do all the work,

move the bodies of the dancers

across the room.

The waterfall is listening.

In lava

a million

years old, or billion

is it, puberty of the planet,

hold it to the brow,

rough, brown ruddy,

rugged, fills

the thought with ancient fire,

seeds of where we live now.

Everything is an island.

**A gift from far away
where only the hands move
weaving the air
around us so we do not see us move,**

**a little sheen of olivine,
massy, crushed grapes,
a curve of pale green along the rock.**

**The volcano has been asleep
for fifty years.**

(And when will we awaken?)

13 September 2013

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**She lay outspread on the lawn
and listened to the sky
waited a long time**

**but then it noticed her
the sky came down
and licked her slow**

**into a long quivering lastingness
the grass beneath her
got to know it too.**

14 September 2013: as dreamed

= = = = =

Quiej follows Kame

I am born on the day after death—
this happens over and over
until I get the drift of what's going on.

I start to write long letters,
I hang late roses onto green bushes,
I build soft leafy parks
around passing women,
old stone the color of honey
floats to me through the air
and I assign each rock its place in the wall,
the temple rising in the parkland
elands and gazelles grazing all round it —

but I still get born.
My crown has turned into my mere skull
and I live pretty much inside it,
sometimes waiting sometimes regretting
like an early Protestant chorale.

Born over and over, death
doesn't seem to have any effect
on this kind of rose,
the world grows older,

**even the rain wears out.
But then gets born again,
parks, little birds,
roses wishes, new car at the curb
the mothers shyly smiling.**

14 September 2013

= = = = =

**Will it ever be the same as itself —
tragedians leading animals to our marketplace
the great actress impersonating a whole crowd
the crowd awed to see ourselves so beautiful at last
that's me up there, that bead of sweat
on her long white powdered throat.**

14 September 2013

**will it be dark again
to say the way?**